



THE TIGER



CLASS *of* JANUARY

1 9 2 3

THE
LEWIS AND CLARK HIGH SCHOOL
SPOKANE, WASHINGTON



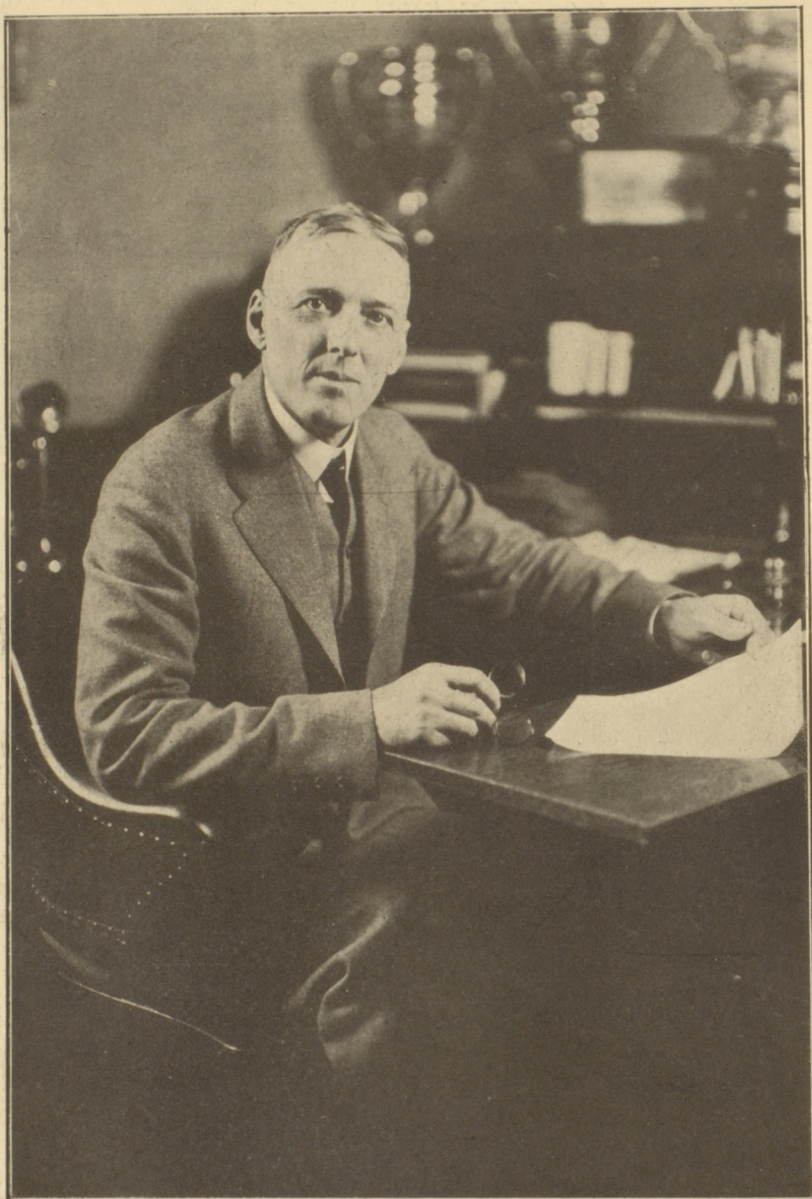
H. C. G. FRY, *Class Director*

Dedication

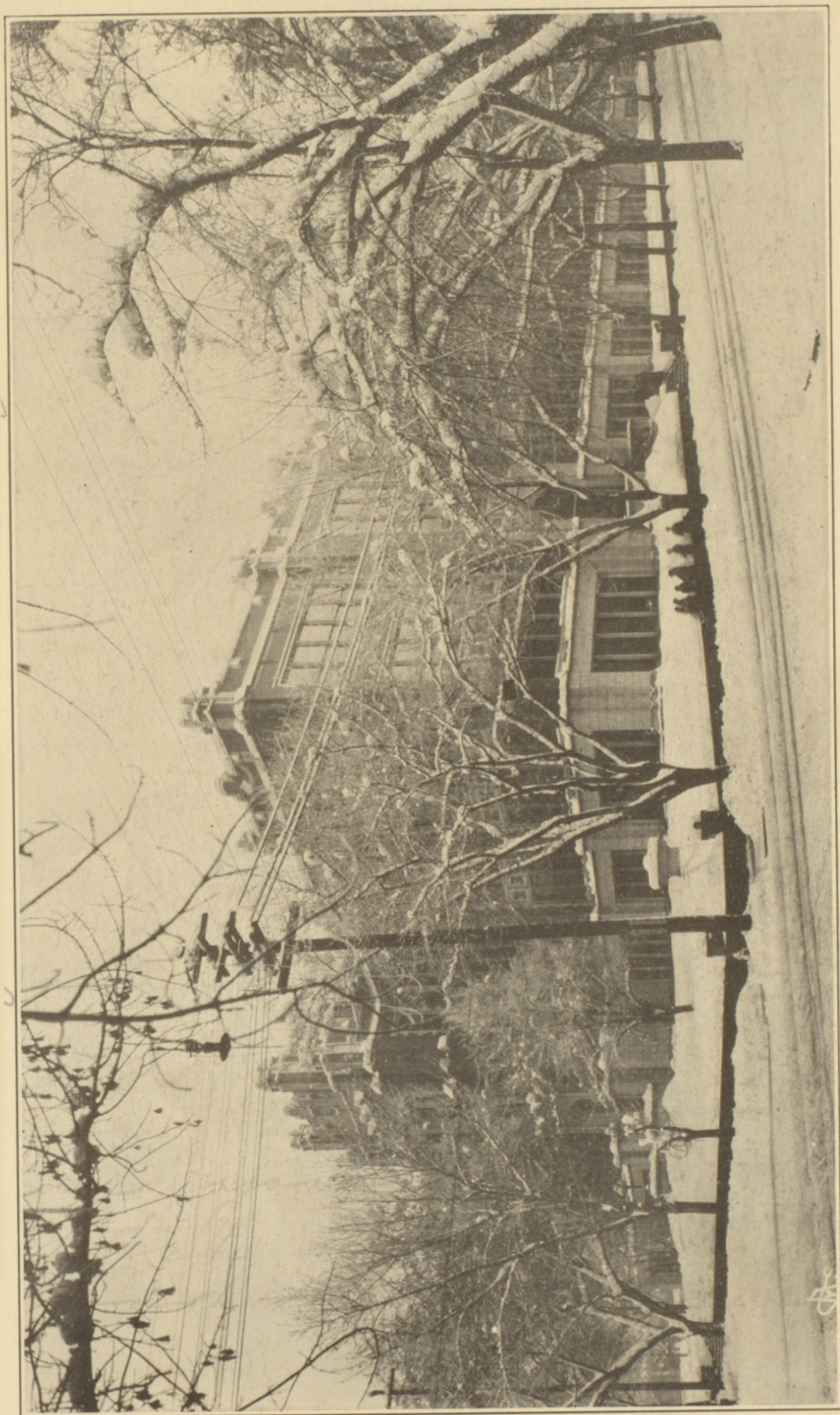
January
23

To
Mr. H. C. G. Fry
our teacher, our director and our friend
we respectfully dedicate
this Tiger





Our Principal, HENRY M. HART



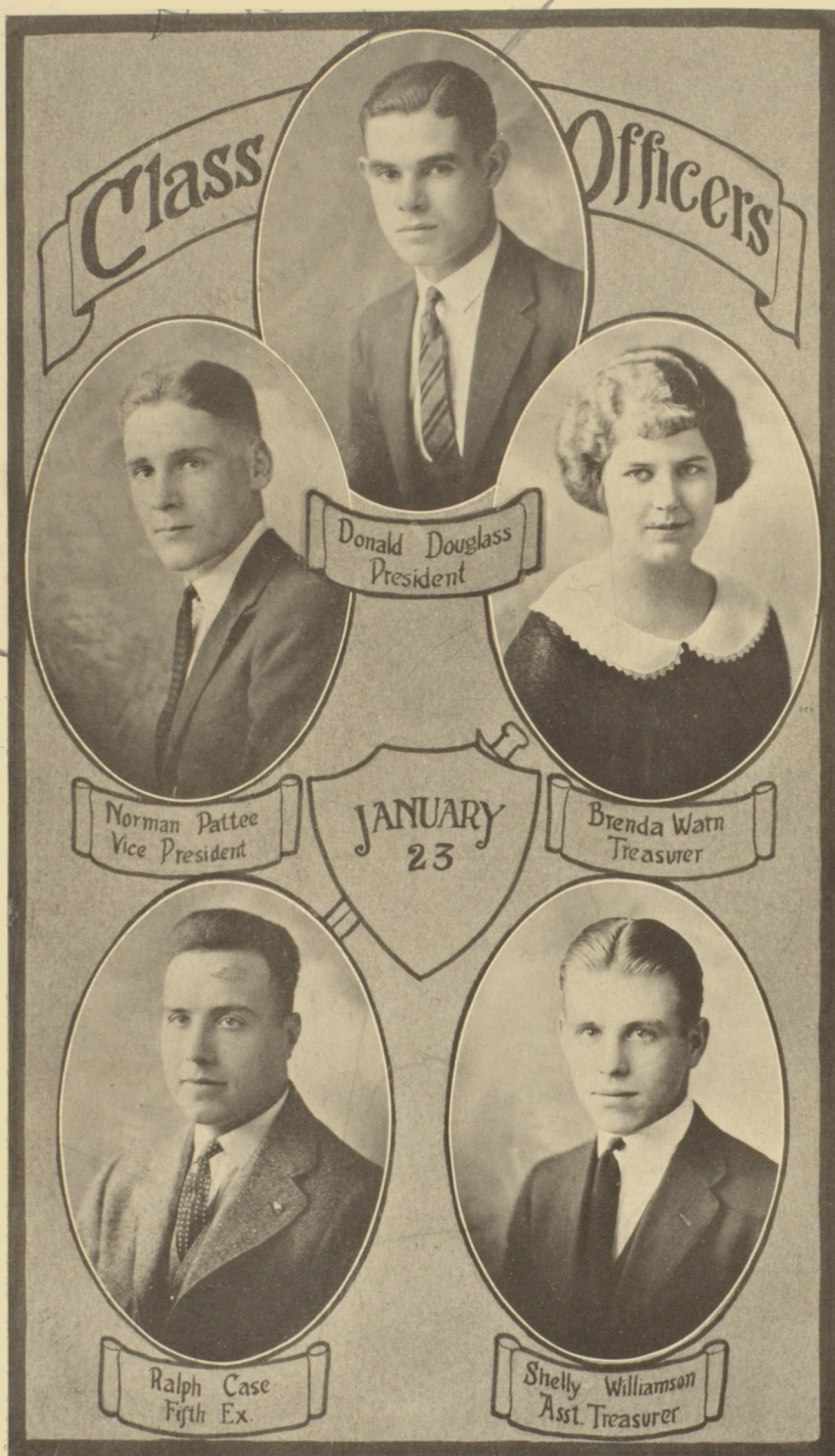


*Remember
to w. class
and
Benny (Haw)
Papa!*

 Clarence Bungay Business Mgr.	 Orien Fimegan Dramatics	 Shelly Williamson Sports
 Brenda Wain Humor	 James Barrett Editor in Chief	 Jane Brown Art
TIGER STAFF		
 Bertram Sommer Associate	 Edna Carthew Statistics	 Whitney Kenney Associate

*W. Kenney
for the Review*





Class

Officers

Donald Douglass
President

Norman Pattee
Vice President

JANUARY
23

Brenda Watn
Treasurer

Ralph Case
Fifth Ex.

Shelly Williamson
Asst. Treasurer



ADAMS, EDWARD EVERETT

General Course

Future: University of Washington

ABRAMS, SELMA

Commercial Course

G. A. U.

Glee Club

Cantata "Death of Minnehaha"

Future: Undecided

AITCHISON, HELEN

General Course

Sacajawea Club

G. A. U. Council

Class Day Usher

Chairman of Point System

"Spring Breezes" '20, '21

G. A. U. Style Show '20, '21

Future: University of Washington

ALLEN, DOROTHY

Household Arts Course

G. A. U.

Treasurer G. A. C.

Sacajawea Club

Secretary-treasurer Racquet Club '21

G. A. U. Style Show '22

Baseball '20, '21

G. A. U. Circus '20

Volley Ball '19, '20, '21

Apparatus '20

Tennis Team '22

Future: Washington State College

ANDERSON, DOROTHY NELLIE

Commercial Course

G. A. U.

G. A. C.

Baseball '19, '20, '21

Basketball '19, '20, '21

Volley Ball '19, '20, '21, '22

Future: Business World





*Edgar Arnold,
Love to the
Kiddies*

ARNOLD, EDGAR FRANCIS

Manual Arts Course
Glee Club
Future: Southern School of Photography

BARRETT, JAMES DANIEL

Classical Course
Papyrus Club
Classical Club
Thespian Club
O. B. C.
President Organ Fund Committee
Editor-in-Chief "Tiger"
Orchestra '19, '20, '21, '22
Future: Undecided

BENSON, ALMA JANICE

Commercial Course
G. A. U.
Business Staff "Journal"
Future: Cheney Normal

BLACKWELL, FRED RUSS

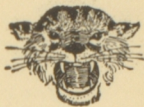
Scientific Course
President Kappa Beta Club
Adelante Club
Ass't Ad. M'g'r "Journal" '22
Circulation Manager "Tiger"
Ass't Bus. M'g'r Latin Play
Ass't Stage Manager Class Play
Band '18, '19
Future: College

BOUGHEY, BENUAL SETH

Scientific Course
Science Club
Track '22
Future: University of Michigan

*James Barrett
So a fine
actor*

*Mr. S. History
is de lunk.
Use your
old head.
see you in class*



BRADBURY, NINA VERDENE

Household Arts Course
G. A. U.
Senior B Tea Committee
G. A. U. Circus
Future: Washington State College

BROOM, MAURINE

Classical Course
G. A. U.
Thespian Club
Secretary Classical Club '22
Variety Show '19, '20
Glee Club
Latin Play
Football Bazaar '21
Future: Washington State College

BROWN, JANE

General Course
Saca Jawa Club
Motor Corps
G. A. U. Council '20
President Fine Arts Club '20, '21
Vice-President Fine Arts Club '21
Secretary Fine Arts Club '22
Variety Show '19, '20
Girls' Swimming Team '19
Publicity Manager G. A. U. Circus '21
Seabeck Delegate '22
"Tiger" Staff
Class Play
Spring Breezes '21
Future: Chicago Academy of Fine Arts

BROWN, WILMA GRACE

Classical Course
G. A. U.
President Classical Club '22
Secretary Mathematics Club '22
Latin Play
Third Honor in Scholarship
Future: University of Michigan

BUNGAY, CLARENCE ROY

General Course
Glee Club
Class Play
"Pan" '22
Business Manager "Tiger"
Track '21
Cross Country '21
Future: University of Washington





BURROWS, QUENTON MONROE

Manual Arts Course
"Journal" Staff
Thespian Club
Future: University of Washington

CARTHEW, EDNA

Scientific Course
G. A. U.
Adelante Club
"Tiger" Staff
Class Play Usher
Future: Whitman College

CASE, RALPH SIMS

Manual Arts Course
Fifth Executive Senior A Class
President Letter "S" Club
Sergeant-at-Arms Letter "S" Club
Vice-President Sigma Alpha Club
Sergeant-at-Arms Sigma Alpha Club
Secretary Student Governing Board
Track '19, '20, '21, '22
Football '21, '22
Future: Undecided

CHARBONNEAU, ROLLIN HANSEN

Manual Arts Course
Business Staff "Journal" '22
Band '18
Future: University of Idaho

CHESTER, ALICE MONETA

Commercial Course
G. A. U.
Future: Business World



Wilbur Church
CHURCH, WILBUR EVERETT

Scientific Course
Band '19, '20, '21, '22
Orchestra '21
Business Staff "Tiger"
Future: Washington State College

At San Francisco, Miss Clough doesn't are a Seig object.
CLOUGH, BLANCHE

General Course
G. A. U.
Variety Show '19
Future: Washington State College

COLLINS, REBA LEDORA

General Course
G. A. U.
Treasurer Fine Arts Club '21
Vice-President Fine Arts Club '22
Debate '22
Variety Show '19, '20
Thespian Club
Football Bazaar '21
Head Usher Class Play
Future: Chicago Academy of Fine Arts

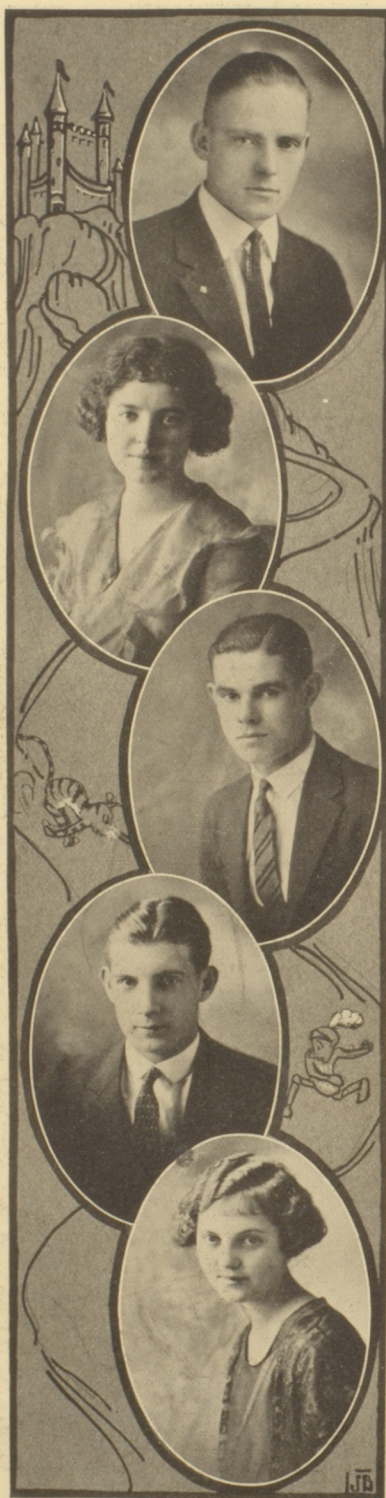
CRERAR, ROBERT

Scientific Course
Future: Leland Stanford University

CURTISS, LUCILLE MARGUERITA

Commercial Course
G. A. U.
Future: Business World





*To a good class
friend, good luck
is your father's*

DENTON, JOSEPH ANDREW

General Course
Boxing and Wrestling Club
Future: University of Pennsylvania

DIETSEL, VIVIAN ELIZABETH

General Course
Future: University of Washington

DOUGLASS, DONALD DAVID

Manual Arts Course
Treasurer Thespian Club
President O. B. C.
Vice-President Letter "S" Club
President Senior A Class
Football '21, '22
Swimming '21, '22
Track '21, '22
Class Play
Future: University of Washington

DUGGER, LEIGHTON LEONARD

General Course
Thespian Club
Baseball '21
Track '22
Band '19, '20, '21
Orchestra '20, '21, '22
Future: College

EDMOND, LAURA EVELYN

Household Arts Course
G. A. U.
Style Show '22
Future: University of Washington



*Do you remember
how many teachers
we had in English*

ENSLIN, MARY LEE

Commercial Course

G. A. U.

Future: Cheney Normal

FINNEGAN, MARGARET OHLEN

General Course

Vice-President Thespian Club

President Senior B Class

"Journal" Staff

"Tiger" Staff

Assistant Treasurer Thespians

Class Play

G. A. U.

Circus '21

Bazaar '20, '21

Future: Washington State College

FINNEGAN, MARY M'LISS

General Course

Glee Club

Class Play Usher

Variety Show '19, '20

Football Bazaar '19, '20

Midnight Follies '21

G. A. U. Circus '20

Joyner Prize '22

Football Bazaar '21

Future: Washington State College

FRISTOE, GRACE

Household Arts Course

G. A. U.

Thespian Club

Class Play

Future: Washington State College

GLERUP, MARIUS JAMES

General Course

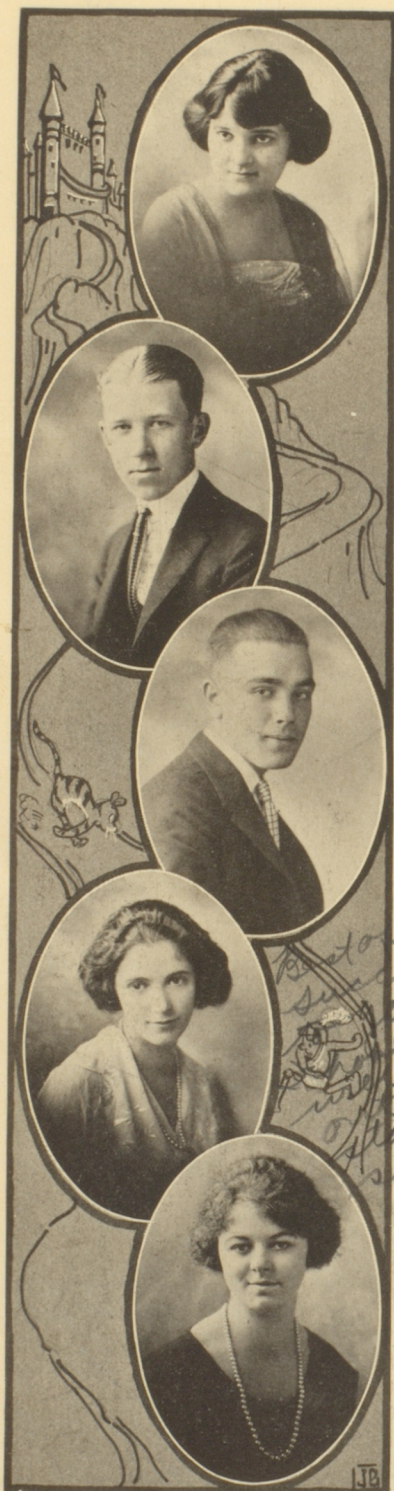
Sigma Alpha Club

Letter "S" Club

Football '21, '22

Future: Washington State College





GRAY, AGNES CATHERINE

Commercial Course
G. A. U.
Future: Business World

HAGMAN, ELMER ROBERT

Manual Arts Course
Business Staff "Journal" '22
Student Governing Board '22
Band '18
Future: University of Idaho

HAHN, FREDERICK PHILIP

Manual Arts Course
Sigma Alpha Club
Letter "S" Club
Glee Club
Football '21, '22
Track '22
Future: Washington State College

HAMERLY, BURLENE JULIA

Commercial Course
G. A. U.
C. L. C.
Future: University of Washington

HEARST, BEULAH MAY

Commercial Course
G. A. U.
Future: Undecided

*Best of
success
for you
I hope you
will be
in
the land
some day.*



HEIRGOOD, VERA JUNE

Household Arts Course
Glee Club
Variety Show '20
Future: Seattle Conservatory of Music

HENRY, GEORGE EDLEY

Manual Arts Course
Cross Country '21
Future: University of Washington

HENSON, REX THOMAS

General Course
Boxing and Wrestling Club
Future: George Washington University

HUNTERMAN, ALBERT

Manual Arts Course
Orchestra '19, '20, '21, '22
Band '19, '20, '21, '22
Future: Washington State College

HUTCHINSON, GRACE CAROLYN

Classical Course
Racquet Club
G. A. C.
G. A. U.
Deka Sigma Club
Tennis '21, '22
Salutatorian
Future: Whitman College





HUTCHISON, MARY ET JOSEPHINE

Commercial Course
G. A. U.
Variety Show
Future: Undecided

IRVING, RUTHE MARIE

Household Arts Course
G. A. U.
Glee Club
Social Service Department G. A. U.
Future: University of Washington

JANSEN, PAULINE BEATRICE

General Course
G. A. U.
Class Play Usher
Future: University of Washington

JOHNSON, ETHEL HELEN

Commercial Course
G. A. U.
President G. A. C. '20
Vice-President Delta Sigma '20
President Junior A-Class
President Racquet Club
Tennis Team '20, '21, '22
Volley Ball '20, '21
Basketball '20, '21
Baseball '19, '20, '21
Apparatus '20
Style Show '20, '21
Variety Show '19
G. A. U. Circus '21
Future: Washington State College

JOHNSON, MAMIE JOSEPHINE

General Course
G. A. U.
Baseball '21
Volley Ball '21, '22
Basketball '22
Future: University of Washington



KENNY, WHITNEY

Commercial Course
Papyrus Club
"Tiger" Staff
Future: Undecided

KETCHUM, NADINE RUTH

Scientific Course
President Thespian Club
G. A. U.
Motor Corps
Class Play
Reporter Junior A Class
Secretary Senior B Class
Spring Breezes '21, '22
Kappa Beta Boudoir '21
G. A. U. Shows '19, '20, '21
Future: University of Washington

KIM, THERZY MARTHA

Classical Course
G. A. U.
Football Bazaar '21
Volley Ball
Apparatus '20
Future: University of California

KITCHEN, ST. CLAIR

General Course
Future: Washington State College

KROGH, KAREN MARIE

Classical Course
Classical Club
Class Play
Future: Whitman College



Handwritten notes on the right side of the portrait strip:
"Nadine Ketchum is a very nice girl."
"Therzy Kim is a very nice girl."
"St. Clair Kitchen is a very nice boy."
"Karen Krogh is a very nice girl."

Handwritten notes at the bottom left:
"Class Play"
"K. M. K."



LA MOTTE, ALOYS DOREEN

General Course
G. A. U.
Basketball '22
Volley Ball '22
Future: Washington State College

LARSON, ANNA ACCELIA

General Course
G. A. U.
Future: Cheney Normal

LEWIS, LILLIAN WINNIFRED

General Course
G. A. U.
Glee Club
Racquet Club
Organ Fund Committee
Tennis Team '22
Future: Conservatory of Music

LIDHOLM, VIVI HELEN

Commercial Course
G. A. U.
G. A. U. Variety Show
G. A. U. Circus
Football Bazaar '21
Future: Washington State College

LITTLEMORE, MARY HANNAH

Household Arts Course
G. A. U.
Valedictorian
G. A. U. Circus
Future: Cheney Normal



LOWEWOOD, ALFRED SMITH

General Course

Future: Whitman College

McCAFFREY, JOSEPHINE MATILDA

G. A. U.

Class Play Usher

Glee Club

Future: University of Idaho

McEACHRAN, CLARA JEAN

General Course

Classical Club

Glee Club

Treasurer G. A. U.

Business Manager G. A. U.

Footman G. A. U.

Cantata "Death of Minnehaha"

Cantata "Departure of Hawatha"

Variety Show '19, '20

Football Referee

Latin Play

Future: University of Washington

McELVAIN, ERNEST EMERSON

General Course

Glee Club

Thespian Club

Senate

Swimming Team '22

Class Play

Future: Leland Stanford University

McINNIS, MURIEL MARETA

General Course

G. A. U. Council

Glee Club

Future: University of Washington





*Helen K. M.
Oh Mr. Jolly,*

MORISETTE, HELEN KATHILYN

General Course
G. A. U.
Thespian Club
Class Play Usher
Future: Marquette University

MOWER, MARIE EVELYN

General Course
Future: University of Washington

*Astronomy ***
Margaret Mueller*

MULLER, MARGARET HELEN

General Course
G. A. U.
Girls' Reserve
Future: University of Southern California

*Clint's father
So a real father
Good luck Emie*

MYRENE, CLARENCE FRED

Science Course
Kappa Beta Club
Track 222
Future: Colorado School of Mines

*Alberta Nicholas
I remember the
time you were
riding a bicycle
down Spring & I
passed in the pants*

NICHOLAS, ALBERTA VELVA

General Course
G. A. U.
Future: Northwestern Business College



O'CONNOR, MARJORIE ELIZABETH

Commercial Course
G. A. U.
Business Staff "Journal" '22
Future: Business World

O'NEIL, MARYBELL

Commercial Course
G. A. U.
Glee Club
Cantata "Departure of Hiawatha"
Cantata "Swan and the Skylark"
Future: Business World

ORR, THOMAS

General Course
Kappa Beta Club
Class Play
Future: University of Washington

OSBORNE, JOANNA MATLOCK

Household Arts Course
G. A. U.
Glee Club
Cantata "Swan and the Skylark"
Future: Washington State College

PAQUIN, NELDA MARIE

Commercial Course
G. A. C.
Sacajawea Club
Class Play Usher
Volley Ball '20, '21, '22
Baseball '21, '22
Basketball '20, '21
Future: Business World

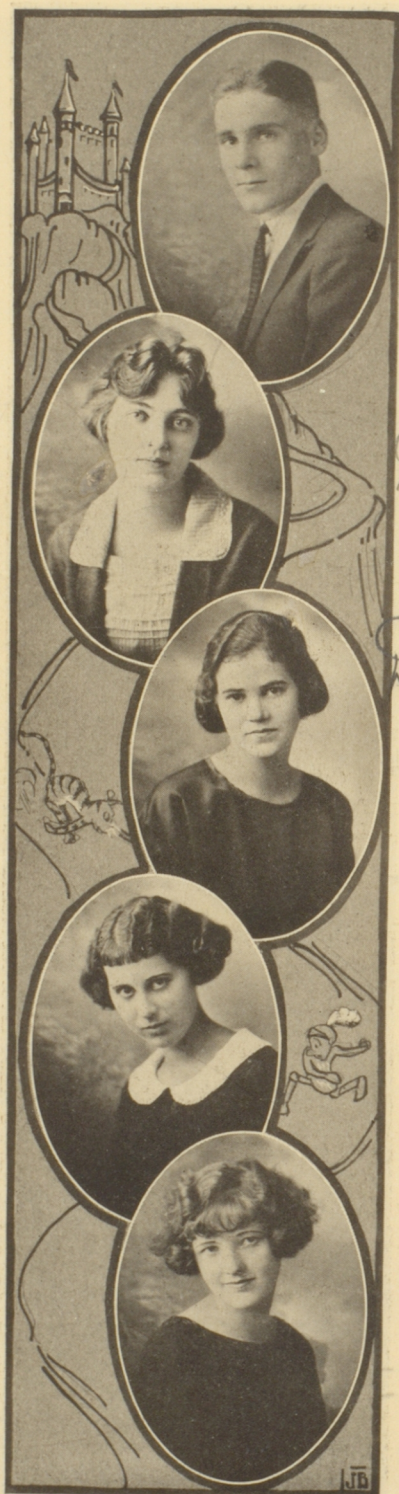


*Wishing you
the best of
luck
Marybell*

*Love Orr
To my dear
Papa
in
love*

*Nelda Paquin
so a
swell
"father".*

*memorances
204-Pay
plus club
Joan*



PATTEE, NORMAN

General Course
Adelante Club
Thespian Club
Letter "S" Club
President Sigma Alpha Club
Vice-President Boxing and Wrestling Club
Vice-President Senior A Class
President Junior A Class '23
Football '21, '22
Track '21, '22
Class Play
Future: University of Washington

PISTORIUS, LEONA NELLIE

Commercial Course
G. A. U.
Business Staff "Journal" '22
Future: Chicago Accounting School

POOLEY, DOROTHY LEE

Commercial Course
G. A. U.
Volley Ball '19
Future: Undecided

POSPISIL, GLADYS MARIE

Commercial Course
G. A. U.
Class Play Usher
Football Bazaar '21
Future: Washington State College

PRATT, MILDRED ALICE

General Course
G. A. U.
Future: Cheney Normal

*a fine actor
wish you much success
in future
Mildred*



RICE, ALENE

Classical Course
G. A. U.
Glee Club
Variety Show '19, '20
Future: Cheney Normal

RINGHEIM, STANLEY EVERETT

General Course
Advertising Manager "Tiger"
Future: University of Washington

ROGERS, RUSSELL

Classical Course
Classical Club
Orange and Black Circle
Orchestra '19, '20, '21, '22
Band '19, '20, '21, '22
Future: Undecided

RUDEL, LAURA MAE

Commercial Course
G. A. U.
Future: Business World

RUSSELL, BESSIE MAY

General Course
Thesplan Club
Adelante Club
G. A. U.
Sacajawea Club
Class Play Usher
Future: Cheney Normal



Lots of luck to you in everything!
Alene

Stan (To darn + 10 pen years it won't work)
Russell Rogers
Goodbye! Be good! Good Luck! Laura

Good Luck to you Bessie Russell

History Wow!!
Sincerely

THE TIGER



JANUARY, 1923



RUSSELL, ESTHER VIRGINIA

General Course
G. A. U.
Orchestra
Organ Committee
Football Bazaar '20, '21
G. A. U. Circus
Variety Show '18, '19
Future: Undecided

SCRIVNER, MADORA ANNA

General Course
Business Staff "Journal" '21
Future: Cheney Normal

SOMMER, BERTRAM DEY

Classical Course
Classical Club
"Tiger" Staff
Future: Washington State College

SORENSEN, HARRIETT MARGUERITE

General Course
G. A. U.
Football Bazaar
Future: Undecided

STAFFANSON, HELEN CECILIA

General Course
G. A. U.
Future: Cheney Normal

Memories of
Mr. Libby &
our debates
Harriett

your body
Ber Sommer

Helen Staffanson
Good luck to
you on
dance good
actor



THIEBES, HELEN

Household Arts Course
G. A. U.
G. A. U. Chorus '21
Style Show '22
Football Bazaar '19
Senior B Tea Committee
Class Play Usher
Future: Whitman College

THOMPSON, MADGE ENID

General Course
G. A. U.
Thespian Club
Class Play
Future: Washington State College

TODD, HOWARD FRANKLIN

General Course
Science Club
Glee Club
Business Staff "Tiger"
Tennis '22
Class Basketball '21
Future: University of Washington

TOTTINHOFF, CHARLOTTE MYERS

Commercial Course
G. A. U.
Football Bazaar
Future: Washington State College

WALTHER, RICHARD C.

Manual Arts Course
Student Governing Board
Future: Washington State College



Madge Thompson
Made to
care plan
and loose
of fun.

By to you
and the
success
Dick

*Sincerely Thiebess
Helen Thiebess
you made a good
"Tiger" plan*



WARN, MARGARET BRENDA

General Course
Motor Corps
G. A. U. Council '22
President Adelante Club '22
Treasurer Senior A Class
Secretary Junior A Class
Vice-President G. A. U.
"Tiger" Staff
"Spring Breezes"
Football Bazaar '21, '22
Class Play
Future: University of Washington

WATT, VERNON

Scientific Course
Glee Club
Future: University of Washington

WELLIS, MARIE GOLDIE

Household Arts Course
G. A. U.
G. A. C.
Sacajawea Club
Volley Ball '19, '20, '21, '22
Basketball '20, '21
Baseball '19, '20, '21, '22
Future: Oregon Agricultural College

WILLIAMSON, SHELLEY JOHN

General Course
Letter "S" Club
Vice-President Kappa Beta Club
Fifth Executive Senior B Class
Assistant Treasurer Senior A Class
Track '21, '22
Cross Country '18, '20, '22
Football '22
"Tiger" Staff
Future: University of Washington

WING, JOHN SHIRLEY

Scientific Course
Inspector Rifle Team
Assistant Coach Rifle Team
Future: Undecided



ROCHAT, ELSIE DELEFINE

Commercial Course

G. A. U.

Business Staff "Journal" '22

Swimming Team '21

Future: Washington State College



At Twilight

The end of a road at twilight

—And quiet joy

When you rest at the close of your journey

—Oh, weary boy.

Ah, the long, long road behind you

—And the wind-swept skies

When memory stirs the leaves

—Like bitter sighs.

Ah, the long, long thoughts behind you

—And broken wings

Of dreamer—souls who knew

—Of gladder things.

The end of a road at twilight

—And quiet joy

When you rest at the close of your journey

—Oh, weary boy.

—Mary Garwood.





"CONTRARY MARY"



"WARNER"

"BAB"

THE CAST



"FATHER"



MURPHY



"MARY"

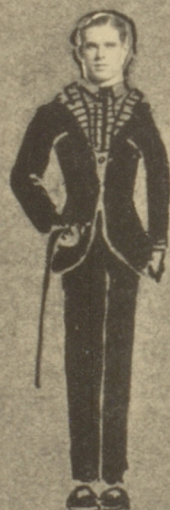
"JOHN"



"JUNO"



"MISS JONES"



"MR. FAIRFIELD
FAIRFIELD STEVENS"



THE DRAYMAN

MISTRESS'S OF
WARDROBE PROPERTY





OUR CLASS PLAY

Contrary Mary.....	NADINE KETCHUM
John Erwin, her husband.....	TOM ORR
Frank Warner, John's friend.....	NORMAN PATTEE
Barbara Drew, Mary's chum.....	MADGE THOMPSON
Teresa Murphy, a cook.....	GRACE FRISTOE
Mr. Trowbridge, Mary's father.....	ERNEST McELVAIN
Juno Jergerson, a Swedish janitress.....	JANE BROWN
Mr. Fairfield-Fairfield Stevens, a Fifth Avenue beau.....	DONALD DOUGLASS
Miss Jones, a dressmaker.....	ORIEN FINNEGAN
First drayman.....	CLINTON BURROWS
Second drayman.....	CLARENCE BUNGAY



CONTRARY MARY, a comedy in three acts by Edith Ellis, was presented by the January, '23 Class on December 15, 1922, in The Lewis and Clark auditorium.

Mary Erwin was a painter before her marriage to John Erwin, a prominent business man. Perhaps, because of success in the past, both have theories about the relations of husband and wife. John is a stern believer in the strong oak and clinging vine principle, while Mary is fully decided that the vine should be just as strong as the oak. Money matters provide the opportunity for working out the theories. Mary, having always been a self-supporting girl, feels that she can never bring herself to ask John for money, while John has been living in the dream of Mary's dependency. She has always resorted to her father, who is an humble husband of a woman suffragist. Incidentally, he has always kept a bank account in Mrs. Trowbridge's name. Complications arise when Miss Jones, a dressmaker, demands more velvet, and Mary, not having the courage to ask John for the money, borrows it from Murphy.

Their first quarrel arises from a statement of John's to the effect that "it is ridiculous for a married woman to assume an independent attitude," whereupon Mary informs him that she is going to open her studio again. In spite of his "Please" and "It will mean a divorce and wreck our happiness" she steps to the 'phone and orders her old studio reopened.

Murphy is sent to fix up the studio and a very humorous situation develops when she tries, in her Irish brogue, to make Juno work a little faster than Swedes are wont to work.

John approaches Frank Warner and asks him to be his attorney



in the divorce proceedings. Warner accepts but he is placed in rather a difficult position when Mary also solicits his aid. He finds it almost impossible to find grounds for a divorce, because Mary refuses to say that John is anything short of perfect and John likewise refuses to speak ill of Mary. A hint from Murphy gives him a clue, however, and he proceeds to take advantage of Mary's contrariness.

In the meantime he has decided to take up painting so that he may see more of Barbara Drew whose studio adjoins Mary's. Although he does not accomplish much in art, he wins the affection of Barbara.

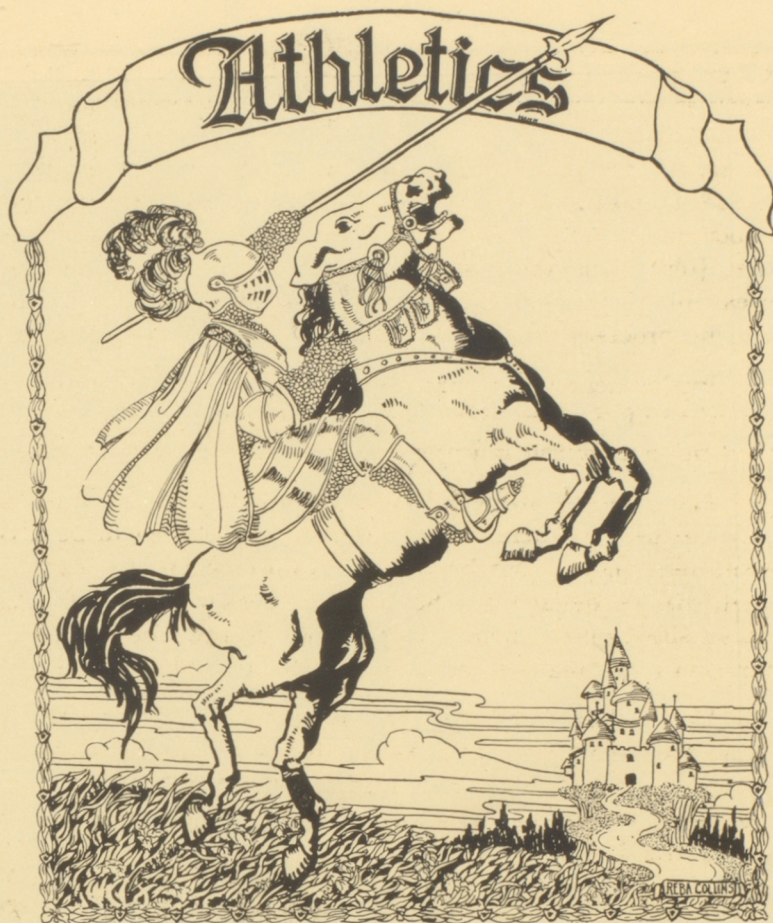
Mary notifies all her old patrons that she has resumed her art, and Mr. Fairfield Fairfield Stevens, whom she believed to be a connoisseur, visits her studio. But her dreams vanish when she learns, during the visit, that he did not buy her pictures because they were good, but because she painted them. Her father deepens her discouragement by informing her that he had paid for all the other pictures she had sold.

Frank Warner decides that she and John should see each other to settle the divorce proceedings, so they meet at the studio. When the divorce is mentioned John immediately apologizes for his stubbornness, and Mary insists that it was all the fault of her theories, and that she was a fraud and not worthy of him. So "Contrary Mary" at last relents and flies to the protecting arms of her husband.

The finished production showed the results of careful direction by Miss Lois Dart, who was untiring in her efforts to make the play a success. Credit for the stage setting is due Brenda Warn, property mistress, Albert Warner, stage manager, Clarence Bungay, assistant stage manager. Karen Krogh, wardrobe mistress, supervised the costuming. Clinton Burrows was business manager.

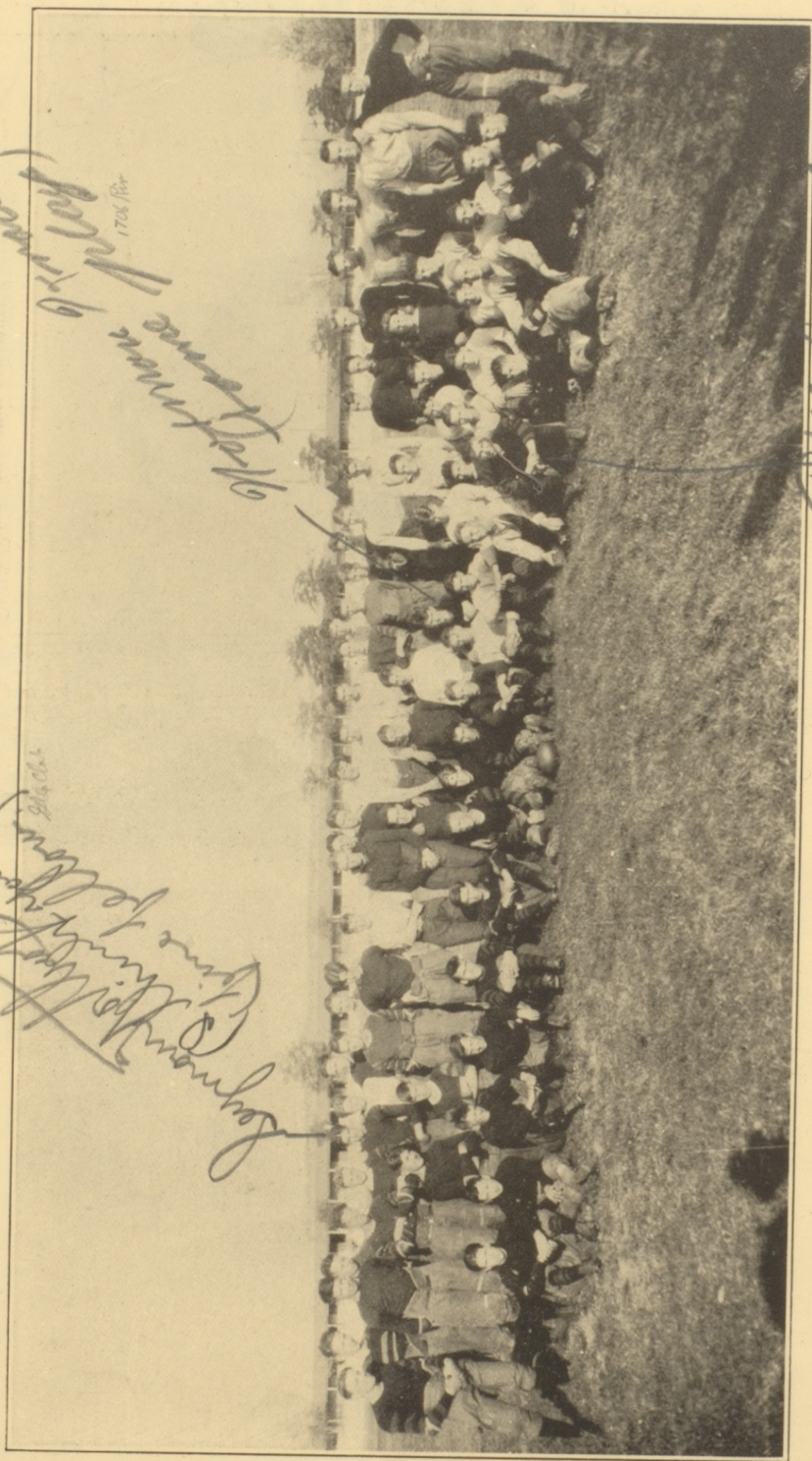
The ushers with their jaunty tams and artist smocks added to the artistic atmosphere of the play. They were as follows: Reba Collins, head, M'Liss Finnegan, Helen Aitchison, Edna Carthew, Josephine McCaffrey, Helen Morisette, Nelda Paquin, Gladys Pospisil, Bessie Russell, Pauline Jansen, and Helen Thiebes.





Dear Mr. C.
 I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am glad to hear that you are well.
 I am well at present.
 Yours truly,
 J. M. C.

17th Nov 1796



THE FOOTBALL SQUAD

Edmund

To a good Review correct



The THANKSGIVING DAY GAME



ON Thanksgiving Day, a record crowd, wildly enthusiastic, watched the North Central warriors defeat the Lewis and Clark Tigers, 12 to 9. Lewis and Clark, though defeated, feels no ignominy. For spectacular football, stonewall defense, and heavy playing the Orange and Black team is one of the best produced in years. In a battle, where honor went to all players alike, the stellar playing of Captain Pearson, Herbert Meeker, and Ray Luck must be mentioned.

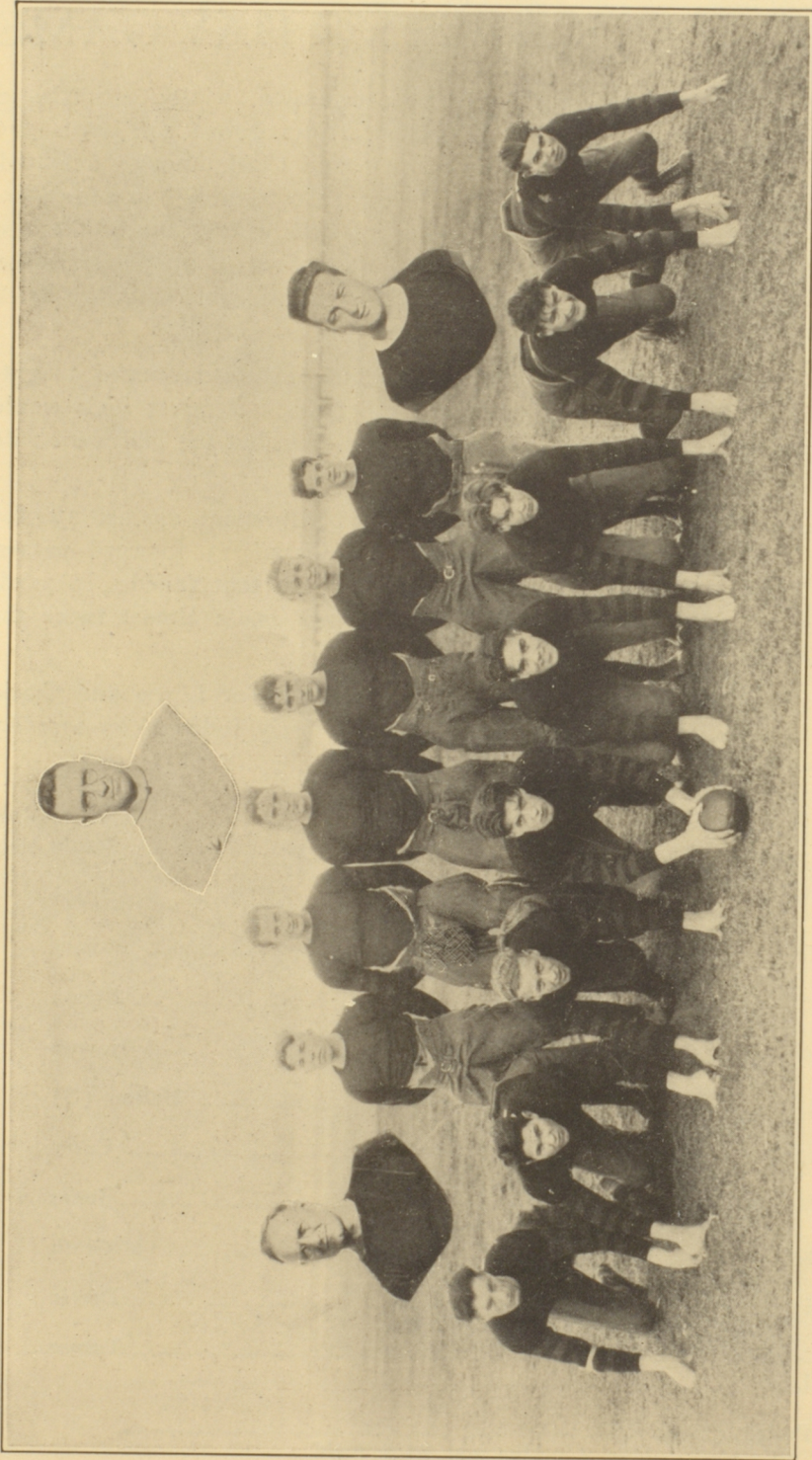
In the final period the Orange and Black Tigers developed a fighting form that threatened to defeat their rivals. A place kick would have tied the score. Whitely attempted the kick, but the ball went wild by a few feet.

Lewis and Clark made 248 yards from scrimmage against 236 for North Central. The Tigers completed 9 out of 13 forward passes, while North Central attempted but one pass and that failed. In yardage gained through the line, Lewis and Clark made almost twice the gains of North Central.

Captain Pearson made the only touch-down for Lewis and Clark. Whitely kicked the goal and the count was closely followed by a safety in the final period.

THE LINE-UP

<i>Lewis and Clark</i>		<i>North Central</i>
Douglass	L. E.	Hogle
O'Shea	L. T.	Laird
Hahn	L. G.	Lowery
Glerup	C.	Brown
Stenberg	R. G.	Haynes
Hilby	R. T.	Hatton (C)
Gray	R. E.	Curry
Whitely	L. H.	Jones
Keinholz	R. H.	McGrath
Pearson (C)	F. B.	Deeter
Meeker		Turner
Luck	Q.	
Pattee.....		
Line and Back Field		



THE TEAM AND ITS COACHES



THE SEASON

THANKSGIVING DAY was the first time in two years that Lewis and Clark had been defeated by a high school team. It was at the end of a season in which Lewis and Clark had swamped every team they played except North Central. The season ended with only one player having broken bones to his credit. In the first game of the season, the team ran over Chewelah and the next Saturday whipped Moscow. Missoula came here, only to be crushed again this year. The game with Walla Walla showed our fighting strength when we defeated them.

One of the team's hardest battles was against Yakima, the old rival, who had one of the best high school teams in the State.

The Tiger team ended her season with a record of clean victories.

ALL STAR TEAM

<i>Left side of line</i>		<i>Right side of line</i>
Hogle, N. C.	End	Douglass, L. C.
Haiton, N. C.	Tackle	Case, L. C.
Cuddihy, G.	Guard	Lowery, N. C.
	Center	Glerup, L. C.
Jones, N. C.	Half Back	Dixon, H.
	Quarter	Meeker, L. C.
		Turner, H.
	Full Back	Pearson, L. C.

HOW THE TEAMS FINISHED THE SEASON

LEWIS AND CLARK

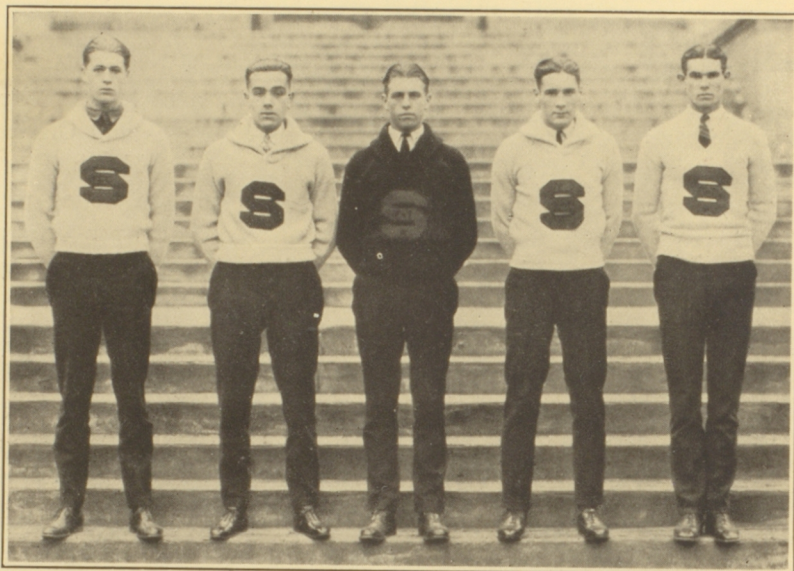
L. C.	127	Chewelah	0
L. C.	26	Moscow	6
L. C.	77	Missoula	0
L. C.	32	Walla Walla	6
L. C.	20	Hillyard	3
L. C.	9	North Central	12
L. C.	13	Yakima	3
L. C.	304	Opponents	30

NORTH CENTRAL

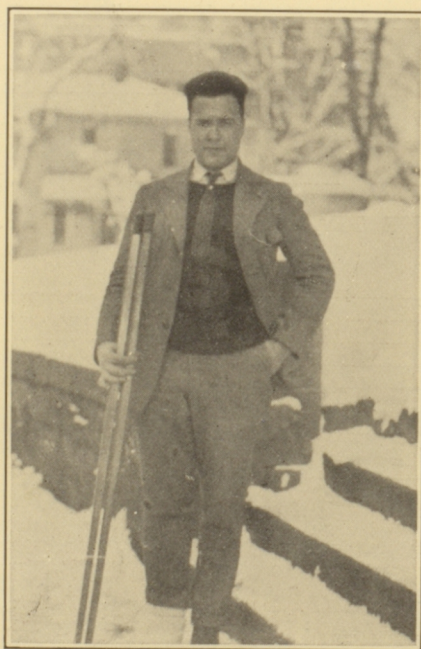
N. C.	0	Walla Walla	15
N. C.	21	Hillyard	0
N. C.	43	Wenatchee	6
N. C.	12	Yakima	10
N. C.	52	Coeur d'Alene	6
N. C.	14	Gonzaga High	9
N. C.	12	Lewis and Clark	9
N. C.	154	Opponents	55



SENIOR LETTER MEN



Left to right—Marius Glerup, Fred Hahn, Shelly Williamson, Norman Pattee, and Donald Douglass.



RALPH CASE



BOYS



NINE men out of the graduating class of January, 1923, have won their letters in the different branches of major sports during their stay at Lewis and Clark. They have helped to win two track meets and two football games.

Ralph Case, President of the Letter S Club, has won his letter four times in track. Case has won two letters on the Tiger football team.

In the Hillyard game Case received a broken ankle and was forced to sit on the sidelines during the Thanksgiving Day game.

Don Douglass has won his letter twice in track and twice in football.

Norman Pattee has been on the winning track team for two years. Pattee won two letters in football.

Fred Hahn won his first letter in football this season. He has been on the team for two years.

Marius Glerup, who has been on the football team for the past two years, won his first letter in that sport.

Shelly Williamson has won two letters in track.





LETTER GIRLS



La Varre Foltz, Ellen Bungay, Grace Hutchinson, Ethel Johnson, Evelyn Skaer, Dorothy Allen, Norma Howard.



FRANCES MALMGREN



JOSEPHINE YOCUM



GIRLS



IGHT girls out of the entire school have made their letters in Tennis and Swimming. The girls have only two minor sports in which to meet the girls of North Central.

Lewis and Clark is losing Ethel Johnson who has made her letter four times in Tennis and has been captain twice. She has attained a record of honor at Lewis and Clark that all girls admire. Nothing can be said about Ethel's athletic career that is too good.

Evelyn Skaer has won her letter three years in Tennis and is Captain-elect of next year's team.

Norma Howard won her letter "S" in 1921 when she was the captain of the swimming team.

Dorothy Allen made her letter twice in Tennis this fall when the team won a victory.

Ellen Bungay has made one letter in swimming.

Josephine Yocum is a one-year letter girl in swimming.

La Varre Foltz made her manager's letter in Tennis.





CROSS COUNTRY

	Place	N. C.
Walter Cornehl.....	11	8
John Divine (Capt.).....	2	1
Don Burrus.....	5	3
Roy Martin	6	4
Myron McDonald	9	7
	33	23

Low Score Wins

Hal Orion, Coach

Gerald Paige, Manager



HE cross country run in the fall of 1922 was one of the fastest races since the sport was started in 1915.

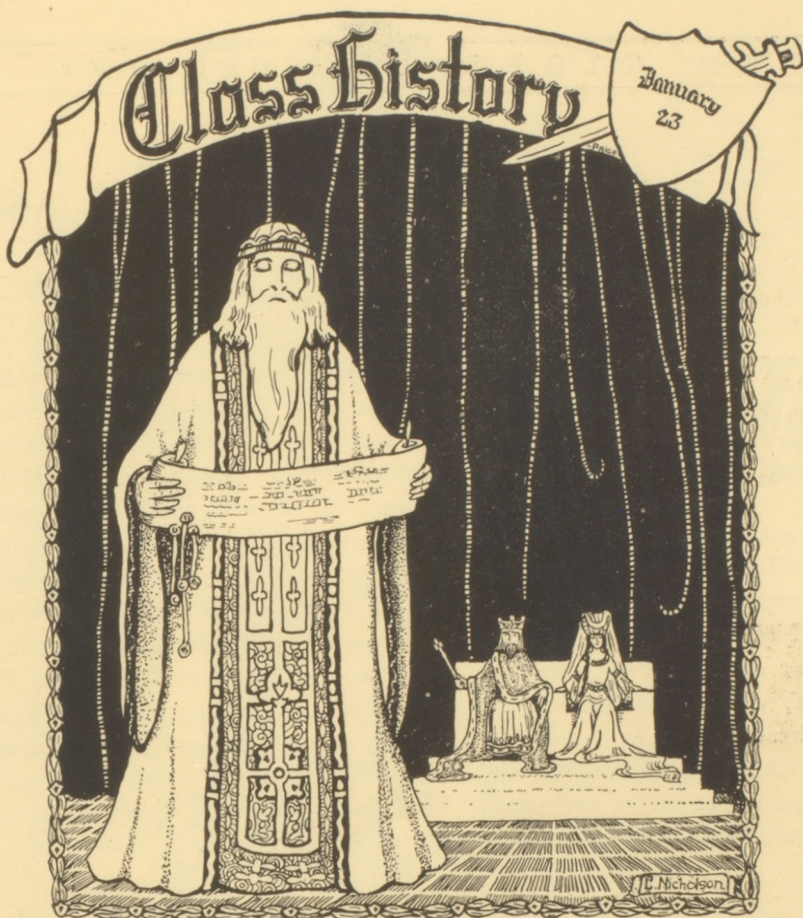
Cross country is a popular fall sport and in Spokane the teams run a mile and a half. The course for the last three seasons has been laid across rolling fields and over lots. The runner requires perfect training as the race is one of the hardest of the year.

North Central, for the first time in three years, won the meet by scoring 23 points against 33 for Lewis and Clark. The first five men to finish on each team counted points corresponding to their places. The team having the lowest score won.

Coach Orion developed a strong team considering the new material that turned out at the opening season. One feature of the race was the strong and steady pace set by Captain Divine. Don Burrus followed closely, running a strong race against Divine.

In the last few blocks of the race, Anderson of North Central pulled ahead, and with a long sprint crossed the tape, running the course in 7 minutes and 12 seconds. Divine finished a close second followed by Don Burrus and Roy Martin. Myron McDonald finished seventh and Walter Cornehl eleventh.







HISTORY *of* THE CLASS *of* JANUARY 1923



WHEN the Class of January, 1923, entered Lewis and Clark on March 17, 1919, the new Freshmen were accorded a novel welcome by the upper classmen. Never before did dignified Seniors condescend to honor the incoming class by wearing its color of Irish hue. It was impossible to commence work in January as the schools were closed because of the influenza epidemic; nevertheless, the Class performed creditably. Ralph Case found time to distinguish himself in track. Ethel Johnson gave promise of being a future tennis star in the match with North Central, in which our opponents were defeated by a score of six to one. James Barrett, the School's foremost violinist, entered the musical field during the Freshman year. Albert Hunterman, cellist; Russell Rogers, drummer; Esther Russell, pianist; and Leighton Dugger, cornetist, added considerable talent to the orchestra. The Class, under the directorship of Miss Kate Bell, made no attempt to organize as a unit.

In the Sophomore year opportunity was given to show our ability in dramatics. The Latin Play with Frederick Blackwell as Assistant Business Manager, successfully produced scenes of Roman life in which Clara Jean McEachran and Wilma Brown were prominent.

During the Junior year, Ralph Case broke the shot-put record by a throw of forty-nine feet, six and one-fourth inches. Donald Douglass and Shelly Williamson won letters in the track meet of that spring. Norman Pattee secured a letter in the quarter mile relay. The Girls' Tennis team was strengthened by gaining Grace Hutchinson.

Who will deny the dignity that the name of Senior confers upon the student who has attained his fourth year of high school? In our last year, we were ably directed by Mr. H. C. G. Fry. Under the system adopted by the Tennis Manager, the Girls' Team met North Central in the fall of 1922, in which they scored a victory of four out of seven matches. Dorothy Allen and Lillian Lewis contributed their skill in this tournament. Ralph Case, Donald Douglass, and Norman Pattee composed the back bone of the "Tiger" Eleven. We would not consider our History complete if we did not mention the names of the Class officers. The President, Donald Douglass; Vice President, Norman Pattee; Treasurer, Brenda Warn; Assistant Treasurer, Shelly Williamson; Fifth Executive, Ralph Case.





A CRY IN THE FOREST

(*Mary Garwood*)



HAD always envied as well as loved Howard McClean. I envied him that winter evening as we sat alone by the fire in his log cabin, a hundred miles from any city. Oh, life had been good to him! His were the experiences of hunting in the wilds of Africa; of journeys to the frozen North, and his cabin walls were hung with trophies. And now, sitting by the fire, I watched him and I hated him. My own life had been so full of petty bitterness.

The firelight fell softly upon his iron-gray hair and stooped shoulders. He was gazing into its depths, and his eyes were clear and steady. We sat in silence, Howard McClean with his dreams, and I with my bitterness.

Suddenly there broke on the stillness a low, pitiful cry and then another and another. I laughed nervously. It was a cry that was shallow, a cry that lacked the depth of suffering.

"It's strange, isn't it," I said, "that a cougar's cry should resemble that of a baby's? I've heard that people have mistaken it for a child's, and have searched for hours. Sometimes—"

But I looked at my companion. His face had turned a sickly yellow in the firelight and his hands were clenched and trembling.

"Good Lord, Howard, what is it?" I asked quickly. I went to him, knelt beside him and shook his shoulders roughly. He was striving vainly for self-control, but his breath came in sobs as though he were stifling. The crying of the cougar ceased and he sank back exhausted, not the brilliant, powerful character I had known, but a broken man.

I sat with him far into the night. It seemed as though the crying of that cougar were the last straw. I tried to make him talk, knowing full well that sympathy alone could soothe his tortured brain. But the reserve of years had been broken.

Toward morning he grew quiet. The fire had died and the room was gray and chilly. Fitfull gusts of wind howled around the cabin.

McClean touched my hand with his cold thin one.

"Ben," he said brokenly, "I don't know why I should tell you, but we've gone through a lot together. Perhaps it will make it easier. I want to talk."

Then from his breast, he took a locket, the locket Howard Mc-



Clean had worn all these years we had been together, and I had never known it. He showed me a photograph in it—a young girl laughing, and on her knees beside a great St. Bernard, with her strong young arms clasped about the dog's neck.

She was the type of girl Howard McClean would have loved.

"That is Marie McClean," he said, "she was my wife." Then he murmured a little—soft, incoherent little whispers that were meant for one woman only.

"She was my wife, and we would have been happy—but for one thing. My brother came home from Canada the fall we were married, with shining gold nuggets. He talked to me for hours and showed me the claims. He and some prospectors built a log cabin on the claims, panned for gold in the streams, and this was the result. I was young—I nearly went crazy—longing and longing for the gold in that frozen country. That winter Bob died and left me the claims that few had heard of. I took my girl bride to Canada, to the log cabin the prospectors erected, miles from civilization and panned for gold—hour after hour.

"It was a terrible thing to do—take a woman into that god-forsaken country, without protection or comforts. But I was young and I dreamed strange dreams. For the inconveniences she would suffer that winter she would live as a queen thereafter. Marie was brave. She gave that cabin the little touches of a home that only a woman can give, and she laughingly called it "The Gold House". But the weeks dragged on and I found no gold. Then one morning when I started for the stream, I stumbled on a great, shaggy St. Bernard asleep on the doorstep. He awoke, licked my hand and whined softly. I called Marie and we bathed and fed him. He had evidently journeyed a long distance, for his paws were swollen and bleeding.

"We always realize too late," McClean said softly, "how selfish we are.

"In a few days, Prince reigned supreme in "The Gold House," and although there was no gold, we were very happy. I was glad that the dog would stay, for twice a month I was obliged to go to the fort for supplies. With the dog, I could leave Marie in safety. Safety? How did I dare leave a woman, my wife, in that country alone?" McClean shuddered and the flush that had crept over his cheeks left them.

"But we spent many happy evenings," he said dreamily, "by the light of the great fireplace. I, in the one comfortable chair, and Marie, sitting at my feet, her head against my knees. I can see her so plainly, her half-closed eyes gazing into the fire, and its light playing warm and



golden on her honey-colored hair. On the other side of the hearth, lay Prince, worshipping her with all the light of faith and devotion burning in his eyes. I was jealous. Half playfully, half in earnest, I threw a book at him. He turned his head slightly but never took his eyes from Marie. It should have been a warning to me, but I was too sure in those days. I should have taken her out of that country. The fire burned low, and I was in a world of dreams. Suddenly Marie's fingers closed over my knees, "Howard, did you hear that?"

"No, it couldn't have been anything," I said indifferently.

Kneeling before me she grasped my shoulders and shook me.

"Howard, listen, do you hear that cry?" Her body was tense and her face was ashen. Prince gave a low growl and raised his head.

"Howard, do you hear? That's a baby crying!"

McClellan buried his face in his hands and was silent for a long, long time. When he spoke again his breath came in short gasps, and he clutched my hands.

"She went out into the night. I tried to stop her, but I couldn't—searching for that baby. I heard its pitiful little cry too, but it did not move me as it did the mother love in her heart. Prince and I followed and she lead us on—on—nearer and nearer to that cry. I can see it now, its glassy eyes, now green, now yellow, crouching in the branches of that tree, ready to spring." McClellan's eyes were wild. He was living again that tragic night.

"I was too dazed to think or act. I stood there and the cougar and Prince met in mid-air. Prince's teeth buried themselves in the throat of the beast, and stayed the blow that would have mangled Marie. But the heavy paw struck her and she fell lifeless at my feet. Ben, how those animals fought! Prince died within a few moments, but the cougar died too. There's nothing in all this great, wide world that has the courage and the devotion of a dog."

Howard McClellan stared with unseeing eyes at the cold, gray ashes in the fireplace. The locket lay lightly between his fingers—his locket with the picture of a dog and a laughing girl.

I gripped his shoulders in a deep, sympathetic clasp—all the envy had left, only the love remained, as I went out into the night.





The Errant Prince

*A Prince, ahunting in the wood one day
Saw Spring, a girl with wild flowers in her hair
And as she passed him on her lonely way
He shot an arrow at her bosom fair.*

*She laughed, with tears atremble in her eyes;
She taunted, half in earnest, half in play—
The Prince, a prisoner to his realm, rode on,
Although the man would stay.*

*The Prince, aweary in the wood one day
Saw Summer, womanly and young and sweet;
Forgetting all but sorrow in her eyes
Knelt pleading at her feet.*

*But duty called—
And though the man would stay
The Prince forgiveness asked
And rode away.*

*Again he went ahunting in the wood
Saw Autumn sleeping by a crystal stream
With tarnished leaves and asters in her hair
And waked her gently from her fairy dream.*

*"Dear Love," he said, "Forgive me, I've come to stay,"
But Autumn only laughed and ran away.*

Vision

*That vision of you—
Tender, laughing lips
Grave, happy eyes of blue
I part two slender birches in the wood
And you shine through.*

*I find a stream,
And kneeling by its vines
Kissed deep with morning dew,
Look into its silvery, satin depths
And find the tenderness that's you.*

*A forest—beaten rough
By many storms,
Soothed and fondled by the summer's gold and blue—
I feel it breathing in the hush of many things
And know the strength of you.*

—Mary Garwood.



Growls & Roars

January
23



Donald Caglan
here goes my
astron. Credit
will catch it, with
all luck
in the
future



A SENIOR *in* KING ARTHUR'S COURT

(With apologies to Mark Twain)



SENIOR sat dozing in the library. He was very tired for he had studied hard as Seniors always do. It was all such a bore, this life at school. Graduation was so near and yet he wondered how he would spend those few remaining weeks. Feverishly he complained to himself that his life was filled with unpleasant things. There were those giggling freshman girls who had sat at his table every day since the first of the semester, teachers who reprimanded him for the meaningless things he did at school, and disdainful elders who criticized him for the way he spent his evenings.

If he could only get away from it all! He remembered how, when he was a child, he enjoyed reading Mark Twain's "Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." Now why couldn't some one rap him on the head and send him back into the days of knight-errantry? The change would be refreshing.

The buzz of whispering voices in the library had a soothing effect. Fainter and fainter it became until it could no longer be heard. The Senior was asleep.

In his dreams there came before him a tall, lean man clad in a scant white tunic that came scarcely below the knee. The spectre introduced himself, saying in a nasal voice, "I am a vagabond spirit. It is my pastime to show men the pathways of the past. When I was a human being, I was engaged in a similar occupation. I taught history at The Lewis and Clark High School. Men called me Thomas Teakle. You have wished to forsake your uneventful life and go back to King Arthur's time. Young man, your wish shall be granted. But mark you, you will find the very things you dislike in your own life in the lives of those who lived a thousand years ago. You will learn that it matters little whether one flies backward or forward on the wings of time. The lives of men, in whatever age they live, have a peculiar sameness. But come now; we are wasting time. Give me your hand and we'll show A. Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge something new."

A cloud enveloped them and they seemed to be flying through space. Suddenly the boy had the impression one receives when the scenes of a moving picture are suddenly changed from a fast moving train to a quiet landscape.

The cloud faded. The man and boy were standing in front of a



large stone building. Over the door were carved the words: "High School of Camelot." Slowly approaching in the distance was a tall boy dressed in a most peculiar costume. He wore carrot-colored tights which puffed at the hips. His tunic was of blue and yellow striped material. On the lace collar and cuffs hung little bells that tinkled daintily as he walked. "Oh, Marius!" called the spirit, "come and show this young man about town. I'll be back for him this evening." On saying this he vanished.

As Marius approached, the Senior recognized him and greeted him, "Why, Marius Glerup, how did you get here?"

"The same way you did, only the fellow who brought me forgot to call for me," said Marius, after greeting him.

"I should think you'd get lonesome in such an antique shop as this," said the newcomer. "Don't you get rather blue for civilization again?"

"Oh, it's not so bad," answered Marius, "you see I can't get very lonesome since everyone here is identified with someone I knew in my future existence. The king is none other than Principal Hart of The Lewis and Clark High School. You understand this is the year 526. I'm getting on to the customs of the times quite well. I made the tilting team, but I'm laid off temporarily because I got one of my ribs cracked when I fell from my horse in last week's tournament with the Montfort High School. We play Wardwick's team tonight after school. It's going to be a close match. I'll take you to see it and you'll find it just as exciting as modern football.

"By the way, what do you think of my pink jeans? They are a little more radical than the "peon pants" of Lewis and Clark, but they are considered quite the thing here in Camelot. Come and I'll show you about the building; it's only 8:15."

The halls of this building were lined with fine pieces of armor. They made a striking picture standing in regular order like soldiers on guard. Yet the visitor noticed that some playful youngsters had placed girls' hats at jaunty angles on the helmets of several of the figures. The gauntlet of one was clenched about an ale stein. "That makes me homesick for Lewis and Clark already," said Marius' companion. "Remember when we used to put posies in Sophocles' hand and red ink on his nose?"

In front of the auditorium was a newly painted sign that looked like a Hart, Schaffner, and Marx advertisement. It read:

"On this fifteenth day of November, in the year of Grace 523, it hath been proclaimed in the Court of our most noble King



Arthur that: Inasmuch as several unruly knaves have injured and frightened a number of townspeople by reckless driving at unheard of speed, any man found guilty of driving more than two and one-half miles an hour in the City of Camelot or more than six miles an hour over the countryside, shall forfeit his horse and be cast into the King's dungeon for not less than ten days. So be it from this day evermore. Long live the King! Long live England!

P. S. This rule applies to women likewise."

"That is the origin of speed laws," said Marius. "All the members of the younger set object to it. It's one of the most abused laws in the country. Why just the other day, Brenda Warn was arrested for speeding. Her father is a man of influence and the King is partial to girls so they let her off on the promise not to break the law again. Funny isn't it? I remember when she used to hit it up to forty-five on the Apple Way."

From a corner a little farther down the hall came the ring of laughter. Yet above it could be heard a hearty, reverberating voice. Feminine though it was, it was much stronger than any of the rest. The visitor and his companion approached and found a group of boys gathered about a rather large girl. Blushing, she laughed as she fingered her girdle.

"La, but list to them!" she was saying between giggles. "The be-guilements of these artful males do fairly cause my head to swim." (More giggles.) "Ye know it well yourselves even now I have been approached by five young men. All have entreated me to allow them to escort me to ye Yuletide Festival. Couldst thou believe it? This very morning Bertram Sommers and Donald Douglass asked me for the same pleasure. Forsooth, Fred Hahn, thou knowest thou tell a falsehood. It was me you saw with James Barrett at the hostelry dining room last eve."

"See!" said Marius, "What did I tell you about the people here being the same as those in our future existence? Isn't that girl a double for Steesa Rosenburg?"

The bugle blew for classes to begin. The Senior went with Marius to his classes. The only striking thing he noticed about them was that those who did not have their lessons gave excuses that were identical with those in his own school. And to think of it! A thousand years from now he would be trying to fool his teachers with the same stories.

Noon hour came. There was a wild rush for the lunch room. As the newcomer sat with his friend amidst the din of clanking dishes and babbling voices, he noticed a small "green-looking" boy trying to



open a milk flask by pushing on the center of the cap. The milk spurted on his clean satin tunic and into the face of his neighbor. The visitor laughed. "Just like they do it at Lewis and Clark! I don't believe freshmen will ever get over trying to open milk bottles that way. Here it is the year 526 and they'll still be doing it in 1922. Do they promenade through the halls here? Let's go for a stroll."

There was a faint sound of a boys' quartet coming from one end of the hall. "Nobby" Pattee, Tom Orr, Shelly Williamson, and Russell Rogers were gathered in a circle. Their heads were bent and their shoulders heaving. They were singing: "She looks like a daisy and smells like a rose. But she's mine, all mine." A group of girls stood a little apart singing the same song. They were doing their best to compete with the boys, but without the help of Jane Brown they would have been unheard in the din.

On turning the corner, the Senior gasped, "They don't punish the pupils here by beating do they? Look at Vivi Lidholm, the Finnegan girls, and Nadine Ketchum. Why, not one has fewer than two or three red marks on her neck!"

Marius burst into a fit of laughter. On coming out of his contortion, he explained, "Curly bobbed hair has just come into vogue. These girls probably oversleep occasionally, and in haste, perhaps, the hot curling iron slips. That was an awful break! Can you imagine anyone trying to beat Vivi Lidholm or Nadine?"

"It's time for classes now. We had better go in."

After school the two companions went to the stadium to watch the tilting tournament. The grandstand, packed with spectators, was a blazing mass of color. From a hundred flag staves, gaudy banners flapped in the breeze. It was hard to tell whether the boys or the girls wore the brightest colors. Both wore a superfluous amount of feathers, laces, and tassels.

A cheer rang from one section of the grandstand as the visiting team rode out and took its place at one end of the field. Each of its men wore full armor and carried a long wooden lance. They made an inspiring picture as they sat easily in their saddles, adjusting their helmets or smiling at some young lady in the pavilions.

When the home team took their places a mighty cheer went up from the Camelot section. Now a battle was on between the spectators. Each side tried to outdo the other in cheering and jeering.

"It looks as if there might be a little bloodshed," said the visitor.

"Not much chance," replied Marius. "They are so well protected



by those stoves, they can't do much more than knock the wind out of each other. The only way you could really hurt them is to go after them with a welding torch. Once in a while a fellow gets put out of the game for the season, but not often. Anyway, tournament casualties are rather a social asset. Look how the girls flock around Ralph Case."

There was a short blast from the referee's bugle. The combatants met in the field with a terrific crash. The grandstand was in an uproar. Even the modern schoolboy was overcome with enthusiasm as he watched the flashing line sway back and forth in a cloud of dust.

He became aware of a gentle tapping on his shoulder. The familiar nasal voice called in his ear, "Come, my boy, it's time to leave now. I thought I'd never find you and I don't want to lose track of you now."

Again the cloud came and the boy felt himself drifting away. He could still hear the roar of the tournament—. With a start he awoke. The freshmen girls were still giggling. The roaring he heard was the heated argument of two boys who sat next to him. "Helen said she'd go skating with me Saturday," said Ernest McElvain in as loud a whisper as he could.

"Don't be silly," growled Clarence Bungay, "Atchie' told me this morning that she would go to the Clemmer tonight with me!"

"Say, for the love of Mike, keep quiet," said the disturbed sleeper, "How do you expect a fellow to study with all that racket going on?"

—Edward Adams.





... J · O · K · E · S ...

Though ancient are these jokes
of mine
And flattering is this little rhyme
I beg that you'll just one thing
do:
Laugh and the world will laugh
with you.

"Just in time," said the aviator,
who ran into the village clock.

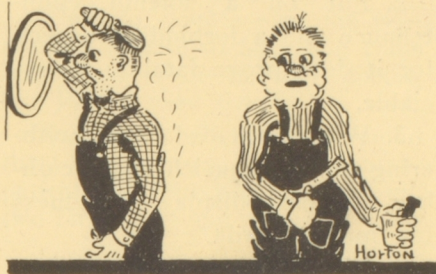
Is there anything that will take
the curl out of my hair?

—Kenneth Stenberg.

Nothing except glue. If this is
carefully applied and each hair
straightened out and glued to
the head, the curl will probably
be gone till the first warm day or
rain.



The Literary man at the board-
ing house wanted a helping of
hash, so he said, "Please pass the
Review of Reviews."



First Irishman: Shure, yer hair
is falling frightfully. You'll be
bald soon, if it kapes on.

Second Irishman: Faith, I'll be
balder if it don't kape on.

Grace Hutchinson (with puzzled
look): Mary, what is George's
last name?

Mary Littlemore: George who?

Two farmers of Kansas were
discussing a recent cyclone.

"Was your barn damaged
any?" asked Si.

"Wall, I dunno, I ain't found
that barn yet."

Wanted: A small comb, about
so long, for slightly bald man,
with celluloid teeth.

—Mr. Dunn.

If you've got Brains read this:
It's Curiosity, not Brains,
you've got.



Library Etiquette.

1. Go not into the library when the spirit moves you to undue levity.

2. Put on a solemn countenance and a forbidding aspect, for it doth prove fatal to be sociable.

3. With one disdainful, withering glance, squelch that neighbor who doth display a fondness for many words.

4. Thou shalt never return a book to its place, for it is the delight of the librarian's heart to gather up the books and magazines which you have strewn in your path.

5. Do not commence a heart to heart talk in the library. You may be requested to finish it on the carpet.

6. Do not practice telepathy clear across the room. Sit at the same table.

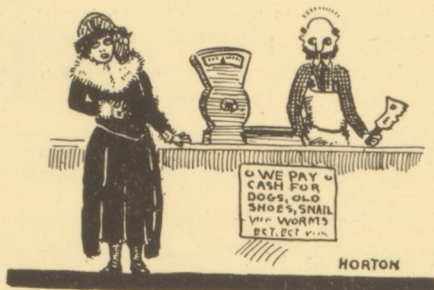
7. Study together in companies of two or three. It is so helpful to you and to the others in the room.

8. Be not overwhelmed with the sense of your guilt when the librarian sees or hears you communicating. Look unconcerned, perhaps you can give the impression that you were merely gazing around.

9. Exercise not your vocal organs at the tables within, nor on the stairway beyond, for sound doth travel far.

Miss Wright: Joseph, I wish you would pay a little attention.

Joe Denton: I'm paying as little as possible.



"Dear Heart," said she, and heaved a sigh,

It made the butcher quiver.

"Dear heart," cried she, "too dear for me.

Gimme a pound of liver."

A little iron—a cunning curl;

A box of powder—a pretty girl

A little rain—away she goes,

A homely girl with a freckled nose.

Mr. Stout at Barber Shop

Mr. S. (facetiously to barber): Brownie, do you expect to keep on shaving people when you get to heaven?

Brownie: Deed, I dunno, boss, I 'spects if I does, I'll be obleeged to drum up a new bunch of customers.

Drug Clerk: Now, what kind of a tooth brush do you want?

Ole Olson: Oh, it mus' be strong wan, dere bane seven in my family.

"Can your wife bake bread in an emergency?"

"She kin, but she generally does it in the oven."



Edward Adams: "What was the most you ever got out of your car?"

Mr. Middleton: "About seven times in one mile, I think."

Carl Pettibone: "Look, there goes Otho Arnold, the bookkeeper."

Fred Blackwell: "Why, Otho is still in school."

Carl: "Yes, I know; he borrowed one of my books two years ago, and he's still got it."

Mr. Libby (dictating Latin prose)—"Slave, where is thy horse?"

Jimmie Barrett (startled)—"It's in my desk, sir; but I really wasn't using it."

Extra! Extra! Great discovery in our vegetable garden. Some bright girl has planted potatoes and onions together. The onions make the potatoes' eyes water so that they water themselves.

Clarence Myrene was not always as accurate an accountant as he is now. One day he made so many mistakes that his "dear teacher" was quite angry with him when he brought an incorrect solution of his problem. "Clarence, you may remain after school tonight," she informed him.

Clarence, had a mental picture of a ball game. Feeling in his pocket he smiled and asked "How much is it off?"

"Your answer is two cents short."

Producing two soiled pennies, Paul said, "Please, Miss Jones, I'd just as soon pay the difference."

When is a joke not a joke?

Ninety-nine times out of a hundred.

A PROPHECY

Time: About 2 a. m., May 3, 1936.

Place: Home of Dr. Norman Pattee, M. D.

A woman's voice over the telephone: "I hate to have you come way out here in the cold, doctor, but John is very sick."

Dr. Pattee: "Oh, never mind that, Mrs. Brown, I have another patient out your way and can kill two birds with one stone."

Every girl needs a chaperon until she can call some "chap-her-own."

"If it takes a four-months' old woodpecker with a rubber bill nine months and thirteen days to peck a hole through a cypress log that is big enough to make two hundred bundles of toothpicks, and toothpicks are worth one cent in Germany, how long will it take a cross-eyed grasshopper with a cork leg to kick all the seeds out of a dill pickle?"

Miss Anderson: "Compare East."

Whitney Kenny: "East, Easter, Christmas."

To buy her presents his cash he spent,

And her words of thanks were sweeter than honey;

But when he had squandered his last red cent,

She married a youth who had saved his money.

First Cannibal: "Our chief has hay fever."

Second Cannibal: "What from?"

First Cannibal: "He ate a grass widow."

Acknowledgment



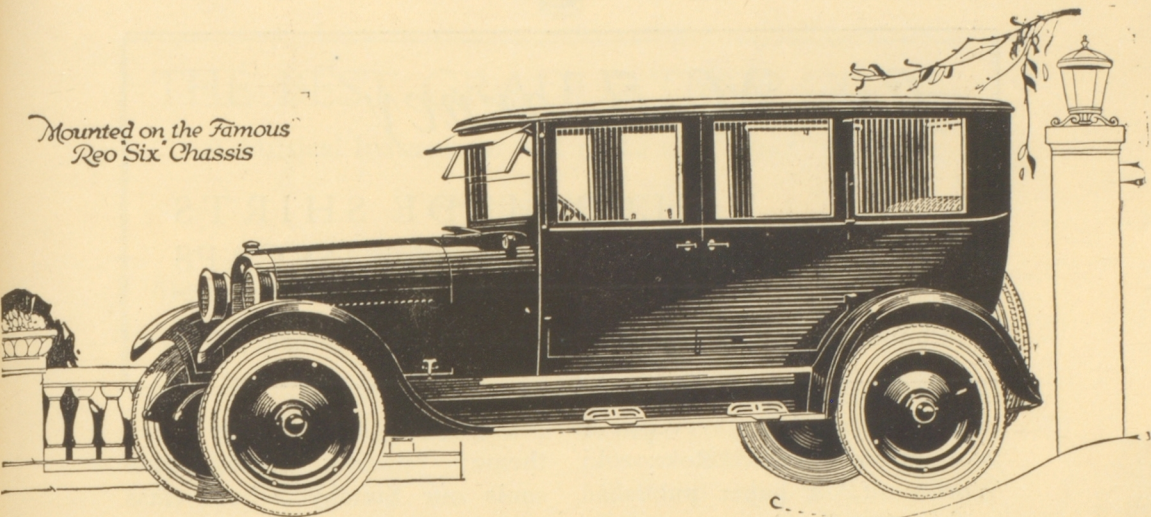
THE Tiger Staff wishes to express its gratitude to Mr. L. C. Robinson, whose careful supervision has made this book possible; to Mary Garwood, for her invaluable work in the department of literature; to Edward Adams, for his addition to the humor section; and to Miss Harriet Guilbert, Fred Hahn, Reba Collins, Gerald Paige, Kermit Poorman, Ruth Bailey, Jewel Wright, William Ferguson, Betty Anderson, Katherine Nicholson, Jack Horton and Dave McKay for their art work.

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We here reprint a very clever joke from the "Rokxozokj Wormsvoff," a paper published in Scrovjiz, Russia:

Smizovich: I juyughy miv-rūfki daasenjilvy eversz?

Kurokneskvich: Enizvogkug xaldn lyguiyuranaj.

The dry humor of Kurokneskvitch's answer is really laughable, and is typical of Russian wit.

Conclusion to an English II theme: "Besides saving nine souls our Sunday School class made ten quilts."

Miss Crook: There are about five people in this class who get their lessons.

"Mike" Collard: Who are the other four?

Two Good Places
to Be—

H O M E

... *a n d* ...

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Mr. Baten (calling class roll):
Is Adolph in the room?

Sleepy voice: I am one
Adolph.

Mr. B.: If you are Adolph
Emskamp, one is enough.

Bright Sophomore (after con-
vocation): I thought there
would be at least ten girls in the
girls' quartet.

Strange Things Found on Regis-
tration Cards.

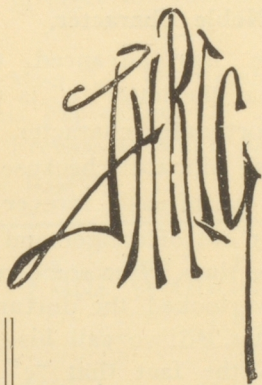
Bertram Sommers — "Born,
yes."

(We're glad to hear that,
Bertram.)

Lewis and Clark has the dis-
tinction of having the oldest and
youngest people in High School.

Alene Rice—"Born, February
10, 1804."

Russell Rogers—July 16, 1922.



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*Photographer for the
Class of January 1923*



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Stanley Ringheim: I went to a war lecture last night.

Nina Bradbury: I suppose that accounts for the powder on your shoulder.

Miss Crook (French II): Clarence, what is half past twelve?

Clarence Bungay: Dinner time.

A Noble Character.

Someone has advanced the opinion that the letter "e" is the most unfortunate character in the English alphabet, because it is always out of cash, forever in debt, never out of danger and in hell all the time. For some reason he overlooked the fortunes of the letter, so we call his attention to the fact that "e" is never in war and always in peace. It is the beginning of existence, the commencement of ease and the end of trouble. Without it there would be no meat, no life and no heaven. It is the center of honesty, makes love perfect, and without it there could be no editors, devils or news.



Smart Sophie: Well, cheer up, old man, even if you have a failure or two and even if you have everything against you there is one place you can find sympathy.

Poor Freshie (with a start): Where?

Sophie: In the dictionary.

A "Sherlock Holmes" has been discovered in Miss West's History I Class. This person has shown his ability by the following statement, "Egypt must have been a kingdom, because there was a king there." (Note the superior reasoning.)

Manager: Where's that "Not to be used except in case of fire" sign?

Clerk: The college boys nailed it up over the coal bin.

Miss Bell (to Freshie): Read this expression.

Freshie (reading 3A3): Three A triplets.

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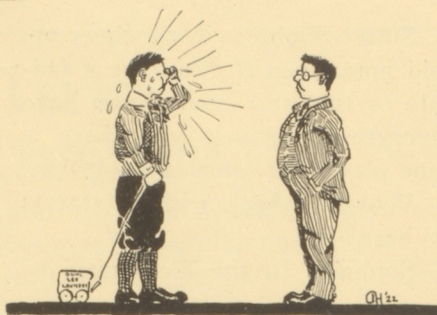
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Mr. Elder: What's the matter, Ralph?

Ralph Case: M-maw's gone an' drowned all the kittens.

Mr. Elder: Dear! Dear! Now that's too bad.

Ralph Case: Yep, she p-promised—boo-hoo—at I cu'd do it.

Bill McCoy (translating French): The door opened, and toward him walked the graceful face of a little girl.

BEST WISHES *and*
SUCCESS

... to the ...

Class of January 1923

....

PINE CREEK DAIRY

Riverside 11



A boy was visiting his chum,
and as they were going to bed,
the host knelt to say his prayers.

"I never say my prayers when
I am home," said the visitor.

"That's all right," said the
host, "but you had better say
them here; this is a folding bed."

There was a young man from the
city,

Who saw what he thought was a
kitty.

He gave it a pat
And soon after that
He buried his clothes; what a
pity!

Miss Coulter: Did you ever
go all through Algebra?

Clarence Myrene: Yes, but it
was dark and I couldn't see.

Latin.

All the people dead who wrote it.
All the people dead who spoke it.
All the people die who learn it.
Blessed death, they surely earn it.

Police Judge: Miss Brown,
the officer says you were travel-
ing fifty-eight miles an hour.
Have you any excuse?

Jane Brown: Well, you see,
sir, I was almost out of gasoline
and I wanted to get home before
it ran out.

Transferred.

When Leighton told Esther of
his love,

The color left her cheeks,
But on the shoulder of Leighton's
coat

It showed for several weeks.

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Orien Finnegan (describing a party): The house was lighted and the hostess passed out paper cards with skulls and dead cats pasted on them.

As She Is Spoke.

"Dan, it says in the paper that Solly pelted the pill for three sacks! What does it mean?"

"Good heavens, M'Liss, can't you understand plain English? It means that he smacked the horsehide out into the tullies and landed on the third pillow."

Miss Dean: Translate the following sentence: Galli saxes in muro ponebat et hostes fugant!

Wilma Brown: The Gauls hung up their socks on the wall and the enemy fled.

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The Røye
STUDIO



A small Swedish lad presented himself before a Minnesota school teacher, who asked him his name.

"Pete Peterson," he replied.

"And how old are you?"

"Aye not know how old aye bane."

"Well, where were you born?"

"Aye not born at all; aye got stepmudder."

Mr. Teakle: Who sits there where you are sitting?

Fred Hahn: Nobody—I do.

Fred Blackwell: Mr. Baten, did you ever notice that ninety-nine women out of a hundred press the button with their thumbs when ringing the bell on a street car? Do you know why it is?

Mr. Baten (puzzled): Why, I haven't the slightest idea. Why?

Fred: Simply because they want to get off.

Wanted: Some one to keep the altos of the Glee Club quiet when the sopranos are singing.

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Not His Bunch.

A Sunday School teacher was quizzing her class of boys on the strength of their desire for righteousness.

"All those who wish to go to heaven," she said, "please stand." All got to their feet but one small boy.

"Why, Johnny," exclaimed the shocked teacher, "do you mean to say that you don't want to go to heaven?"

"No, ma'am," replied Johnny, promptly, "not if that bunch is going."

He called her lily, violet, rose,
And every other sweet flower of
spring.

She said, "I can't be all of those;
So you must lilac everything."

Start the Year Right!

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Miss Tewinkle asked: "When did Moses live?"

After silence became painful, she ordered, "Open your Old Testaments. What does it say there?"

A small Freshman answered, "Moses, 4000."

"Now," said Miss Tewinkle, "Why didn't you know when Moses lived?"

"Well," replied the Freshie, "I thought it was his telephone number."

Laugh and the world laughs with you.

Laugh and you laugh alone.

The first when the joke is the teacher's,

The last when the joke is your own.

Miss Tewinkle (in History I): We are now studying Greek fables.

Freshie: Are they true?

Mr. Endslow (in Phys. I): How would the earth look if there was no water on it?"

Howard Todd: Dry.

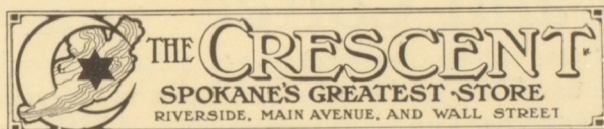
Esther Russell (at the football game): Who is that man they're quarreling with?

Leighton Dugger: Why, he is keeping the score.

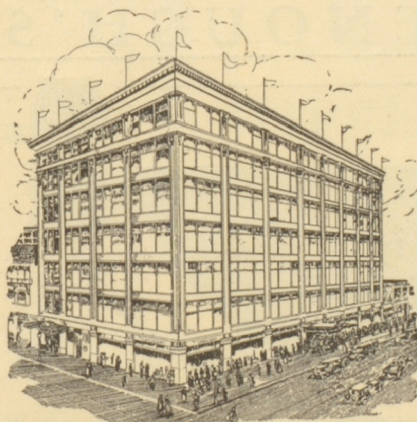
Esther: Oh, and he won't give it up?

Miss West: Do the questions puzzle you?

James Barrett: No, it's the answers.



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Don Douglass (thoughtfully at 11:39): You know, there was something else I wanted to say, but it has quite gone out of my mind.

Orien Finnegan (hopefully): It wasn't "Goodnight," was it?

Mr. Nogle (in History III): What is the nature of the land around Venice?

Seth Boughey: The land around Venice is all water.

Freshie to Junior: Where is the library, the place where you study?

Junior: The library is down at the end of the hall, but I haven't the least idea where the place where you study is.

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GREENOUGH'S

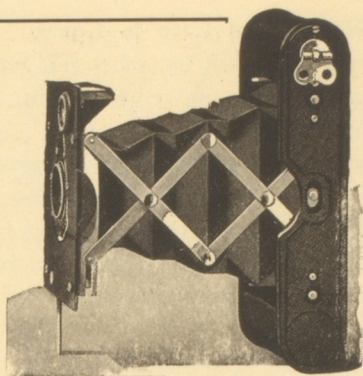
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Proverbs and Otherwise.

A lie in time saves nine.

A theme in hand is worth two at home on the piano.

Laugh when the teacher laughs; if you don't you'll flunk.

Life is too short to talk back to a policeman.

A driver is known by the fender he keeps.

Every year is leap year for pedestrians.

The Tutor's Alibi.

Mr. Fry (during test): I will answer no questions.

St. Clair Kitchen: Shake! Neither will I.

Useless Eddie Adams: How should a poem be written for publication?

Long Suffering Literary Editor: Fill a fountain pen with water and write on a blotter.

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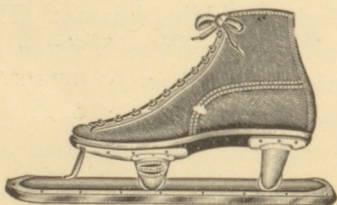
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Never Too Late to Learn.

For those of us who feel we have nothing more to learn, I want to cite a little story. A negro was about to be hanged, but before slipping the noose around his neck, they asked if he had anything to say, and he replied: "No, suh, but dis will certainly teach me a lesson."

Mareta Mc: This pen is on the prohibition ticket.

Alberta N.: Why?

Mareta: Because it is going dry.

Mr. Johnston in English Lit.: Who is your favorite author?

Dick Walther: My father.

Mr. J.: What did he ever write?

Dick: Checks.

When Ernest McElvain called on Nadine Ketchum one evening, he was entertained by her small brother, Ralph, until she made her appearance.

"If you don't give me a quarter, I'm going to tell about you kissing Sis," threatened the small boy.

"But I didn't kiss your sister," protested Ernest.

"You didn't? Then why did she give me a dime to say that to you?" questioned the puzzled boy.

Mr. Stout (in Harmony class): Your notes look like bedbugs.

Lillian Lewis: How do you get the water in the watermelon?

Clarence Bungay: Plant the seed in the spring.



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and Spirit Eat
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Note To Mr. Orion.

Dear Mr. Orien: Please don't give Marius any more sitting up exercises. He sits up too late already. If you have any good getting up exercises, give them to him. Marius needs them.

—Mr. Glerup.

Mr. Meyers was demonstrating the passing of an electric current through different solutions.

M'Liss F.: What would it do if you put your finger in the solution?

Mr. Meyers: Get it wet.

A Lesson In Logic.

Why does the bride always wear white at the wedding?

Because white stands for joy.

Perhaps that is why the bridegroom wears black.

Written First Period.

Now I sit me down to dream,
The dream I left to come to
school

And if I should snore before I
wake,

Do pinch my arm, for pity's sake.

Helen Aitchison and Brenda Warn arrived at the football game the last quarter.

Brenda (to an enthusiast):
What's the score?

Enthusiast: Nothing to nothing.

Helen: Goody! We haven't missed a thing.

Maurine Broom: Have your ears been pierced?

Nina Bradbury: No, only bored.



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You can lead a horse to water
But you can't make him drink.
You can lead a fool to knowledge
But you can't make him think.

Chap about to wed was nervous.
To the young Best Man he cried,
"Tell me, is it kisstomary
For the groom to cuss the bride?"

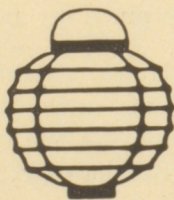
Selma Abrams (in Bookkeep-
ing I): What do you do when
your books don't balance?

Whitney Kenny (in Bookkeep-
ing IV): Why, I add the figures
up separately in groups.

Wilbur Church: Er—you know
boys like ridiculous things.

Fred Blackwell: Maybe that's
why so many fellows have cases.

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The Novelty Four

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Mr. Robinson: What can you say about Beowulf?

Shelly W.: I only pay attention to those in the big leagues.

Madge Thompson: This piece of lace on my dress is over fifty years old.

Clinton Burrows: It is beautiful. Did you make it yourself?

Pa heard him give a college yell, For joy he could not speak. He murmured, "Mother, listen To our Willie talking Greek."

To See Something Swell.
Immerse a sponge in aqua.

Has the "coffee grounds" for divorce if the "tea leaves?"

And Then What Happened?

He asked a miss what was a kiss Gramatically defined.

"It's a conjunction, sir," she said, "And hence can't be declined."

Enter the villain with a sneering laugh: Hah! Hah! Clara, I see a spy.

"A spy? What kind of spy?"

"A min-spy."

Umpire: Foul!

Soph: Where's the feathers?

Senior: There aren't any feathers. This is a picked team, sonny.

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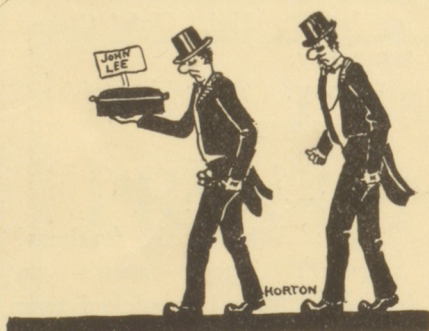
Style All the While



Garrett, Stuart & Sommer

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Johnny Lee took Chemistry,
Now he is no more.
What Johnny thought was H_2O ,
Was H_2SO_4 .

Miss Frye (explaining directions for fire drill): Always keep the line filled. If you find you're walking alone, double up.

Marion Marchante: Chase me, I'm a fairy.

Don Douglass: Crack me, I'm a nut.

Cohen (entering a delicatessen store): Gif me some of that salmon.

Proprietor: That's not salmon, that's ham.

Cohen: Vell, who asked you vat it was?

Alg. Teacher: Now, we have 7 equal to 0.

Edgar Arnold (half asleep): All that work for nothing.

Clerk: Yes, what size socks does your husband wear, Madam?

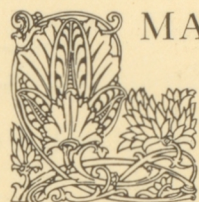
Madam: I don't know, but he wears a sixteen collar.

Mr. Libby (in psychology class): Norman, if you were out camping without the sense of pain being present in your body, would you walk so close to the fire that you might burn up?

"Nobby" Pattee: I don't think so, I'd smell smoke.



We Greet the Class of January 1923



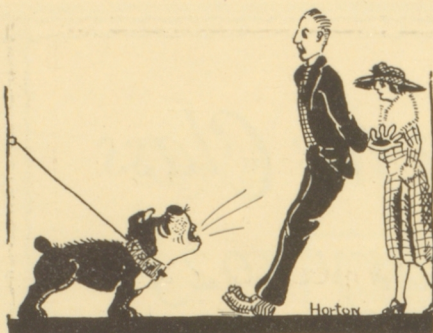
MAY you achieve the same success in the years to come that has marked your years of study at Lewis and Clark. Whether you may choose the path of higher education or straightway don your armor and take up the battle of life, great opportunities are awaiting those who can meet the test with a clear brain and unfaltering hand.

¶ As publishers of your class record, "*The Tiger*," we have put forth every effort to make it a work in which we both can take justifiable pride.

C. W. Hill Printing Co.

210-212-214 South Howard St. · Spokane

Riverside 279



Vivi Lidholm (as they encounter a vicious bulldog): Go on, Eugene, you know you said you would face death for me.

Eugene Endslow: But he isn't dead.

Modesty.

Therzy Kim: Who is the smartest boy in your class, Tom?

Tom Orr: I'd like to tell you, but mother says I mustn't brag.

I MADE A HIT
WHEN SHE SAW ME
BECAUSE I SAW

MYERS

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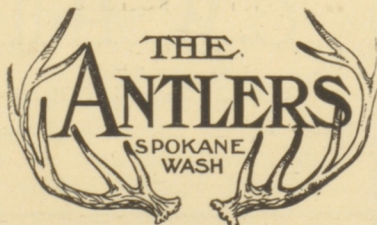
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The Tiger Staff of January '23
wishes to thank its friends and
advertisers who helped make
this publication a success.

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